THE Western GARLAND:

In Four PARTS.

1. *William Whitecraft*'s Courtship to Mrs. *Susan Coley*, both of *Plymouth*, with an account of her Sickness, which disappointed the Wedding.
2. The Deceitfulness of her Parents who sent her to *Holland*, for not consenting to marry a 'Squire.
3. *William*'s great fortune in obtaining Riches, with the sad account of *Susan*'s pretended Death, which afterwards he found to be the deceit of her Parents, in finding her by good Fortune at the *Hague*.
4. His return to *England* with *Susan*, with an account of their happy Wedding, concluding with the pleasant pastime between the Parents and Daughter, whom they did not know, tho' in their Presence.

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PART I.

Tune of, *The Loyal Forrester.*

A Seiman of Plymouth sweet William by Name,
A wooing to beautiful Susan he came;
At length he obtained her Love and good Will,
And likewise her Father admired him still.

Her Mother was likewise as well satisfy'd,
The Day was appointed the Knot should be ty'd,
All Friends were invited but see in the way,
Sweet Susan she sicken'd and languishing lay.

They us'd their endeavours to raise her again,
By a learned Physician whose skill was in vain;
A Week she continued sweet William did grieve,
Because of his Love he must needs take his leave.

As being commanded to sail the next Wind,
Then leaving his sorrowful Jewel behind;
He said, we'll be marry'd when I come again,
If you by good Fortune alive should remain.

So long as I live I'll be true to my Love,
And Susan I hope you as constant will prove;
Ne'er doubt it sweet William my Jewel, quoth she,
There's none in the World shall enjoy me but thee.

A Tribute of Tears then at parting was paid,
Sweet William, the Mother, the languishing Maid,
And likewise the Father was griev'd to the Heart,
Yet nevertheless for a Time they must part.

Away to the Ocean ſweet William is gone,
Where now we will leave him and ſhew anon,
How baſe and deceitful her Parents did prove,
Who counſel'd their Child to be falſe to her Love.

PART II.

NOW when this ſweet Damſel had languiſhing lain,
Near five or ſix Months ſhe recover'd again,
Whoſe beauty was brighter then ever before,
So that there were many her Charms did adore.

All did her Account that came in her view,
Her Name through the neighbouring Villages flew,
To be the moſt beautiful Creature on Earth,
Altho' but a Fiſherman's Daughter by Birth.

So that ſhe was courted by none of the worſt,
A wealthy young Farmer came to her at firſt;
And call'd her his Jewel, the Joy of his Life,
She ſaid, Pray begone, I'm another Man's Wife.

By the ſolemn vow in the ſacred Place,
If I ſhould prove falſe, may I live in diſgrace;
The ſharpeſt Correction my Puniſhment be,
And therefore begone from my Preſence, quoth ſhe.

Then came a 'Squire and call'd her his dear,
And ſaid, he would ſettle two Hundred a Year;
Upon her, if that ſhe would be his ſweet Bride,
I cannot, I dare not, you muſt be deny'd.

Then unto her Father and Mother he went,
When having diſcover'd his noble intent;
They being ambitious of Honour and Fame,
They ſtrove to perſuade her, but all was in vain.

Dear Parents, said she, observe what I say,
In things that are lawful I ought to obey;
What would you have me be perjur'd for Gold,
I dare not submit to the Truth I will hold.

They found it was all but a folly to strive,
So long as she knew that her Love was alive;
To bring her to Mind any other but he,
Wherefore the young 'Squire and they did agree.

They sent this young beautiful Creature away,
Along with a Lady to Holland, and they
Would tell her Love at his return she was dead,
So then he some other young Damsel might wed.

Then it would be lawful to marry the 'Squire,
Who did her fair beautiful Features admire;
This was their contrivance to Holland she went,
Poor Creature! she knew not their crafty intent.

But since that her Parents would needs have it so,
In point of Obedience she yielded to go;
Where now we will leave her to treat of her Love,
Who had been gone from her two Years and above.

PART III.

IN William's long Voyage they came to a Place,
Where he had been but a very short space;
Kind Fortune did favour him, so that he bought,
A Bargain worth hundreds and thousands 'twas thought.

Then laden with Riches he came to the Shore,
Said he, my dear Jewel, whom I do adore,
I will go and visit before that I rest,
My heart has been many times lodg'd in her breast.

Now when to the House of her Parents he came,
He call'd for his Susan, sweet Susan by Name;

But ſtraight her dear Mother did make this reply,
'Tis long ſince my Daughter did languiſh and die.

His Heart at theſe tidings were ready to break,
Some Minutes he had not the Power to ſpeak,
At length with a Flood of ſad Tears he reply'd,
Farewell to the Pleaſures and Joys of a Bride.

My ſorrow is more than I'm able to bear,
Is Suſan departed, ſweet Suſan the fair;
Then none in the World I will marry, ſince ſhe
Is laid in the Grave, that is worthy of me.

Their preſence he quitted with watery eyes,
And went to his Father and Mother likewiſe,
His own loving Parents, and with them he left
His Wealth, becauſe he of his love was bereft.

Reſolved I am for to Travel again,
Perhaps it may wear off my ſorrow and pain;
Take care of my Riches, 'tis Treaſure unknown,
And if I return not then all is your own.

But if I ſhould live for to ſee you once more,
I make no great doubt but the ſame you'll reſtore;
Ay, that we will Son, the dear Father reply'd,
So for this long Voyage he ſtraight did provide.

He enter'd on board and away he did ſteer,
The Seas they were calm, and the Elements clear,
At firſt, but at length a ſad Storm did ariſe,
Black Clouds they did cover and darken the Skies.

The Seas they did foam, and the billows did roar,
At length being driven on the Hollanders ſhore;
The Ship was ſo ſhatter'd and torn up indeed,
That they on their Voyage could not ſafely proceed.

Now while they lay by their good Ship to repair,
William went to the Hague and walk'd here and there,
And as he was walking along in the Street,
His Jewel sweet Susan he happen'd to meet.

He started as soon as her Face he beheld,
With Wonder and Joy he was instantly fill'd;
Oh! tell me said he, ye blest Powers above,
Do my Eyes deceive me, or is it my Love.

They say she is buried a Twelve-month almost,
Is this my dear Jewel, or her charming Ghost;
Then straight he ran to her and found it was she,
Then none in the World was so happy as he.

My dearest, said William, oh! why dost thou roam,
What destiny brought thee so far from thy Home:
The Story she told him with watery Eyes,
Concerning the Farmer and Squire likewise.

They courted me long, but I still said them nay,
And therefore my Parents they sent me away,
To wait on a Lady with whom I am now,
Because I refused to be false to my Vow.

He presently told her of all his Affairs,
His Riches, his Troubles, his sorrow and cares,
And how he was going a Voyage for to make,
He did not know whether, and all for her sake,

But as he was sailing the Weather grew foul.
The Winds they did roar, and the Billows did rowl,
Yet nevertheless on this turbulent Sea,
The Winds were so kind they convey'd me to thee.

I'll unto thy Lady, and now let her know,
That thou shalt not serve my longer, but go,

With me to Plymouth, where thou shalt be seen,
As gay as a Lady, or a beautiful Queen.

PART IV.

HE made quick dispatch and soon brought her away,
The Seas they were calm and the Wind did obey,
So that in short time to fair Plymouth they came,
And now she was clearly for changing her Name.

He told his own Father and Mother that here,
By Fortune's kind favour I've let of my dear;
And now we'll prepare for the Wedding, said he,
Her Father and Mother invited shall be.

Then unto her Parents he hasted at last,
And told them the height of his sorrows were past,
But since you say Susan your Daughter is dead,
I have found another with whom I will wed.

And therefore I come here to bring you the News,
I hope that one favour you will not refuse;
To honour me with your Presence I pray,
And come to my Wedding, to-morrow's the Day.

They promis'd they would & were pleas'd to the heart
To think how bravely they had acted their part;
Now, now, says the Mother, I have my desire,
We'll call home our Daughter to marry the 'Squire.

The very next Morning sweet Susan was dreft,
In sumptuous Apparel, more gay than the rest;
The richest of Silks that the World could afford,
Embroider'd with Gold, which he sent from on board.

With Diamonds and Rubies her Vesture did shine,
For Beauty she seemed like something divine;
Scarce ever was Mortal more glorious and great,
And likewise her Modesty suited her state.

Now when the Bride down to Dinner they ſet,
Her Parents and Friends who were lovingly met;
This ſtately Apparel had alter'd her ſo,
That Father and Mother her Face did not know.

A Health to the Bride round the Table did paſs,
The Mother of Suſan then taking the glaſs;
Who did as the reſt and ſpake up with a grace,
My Daughter, if living, had been in your place.

The Bride at her ſaying, ſhe modeſtly ſmil'd,
To think how her Mother knew not her own Child;
Soon after the Bride ſhe aroſe from her Seat,
And fell on her Knees at her dear Parents feet.

I am your own Daughter, the which you did ſend,
To Holland, but Heaven has ſtood my friend,
And plac'd me ſecure in the Arms of my love,
For which I may thank the bleſt Powers above.

Her Father and Mother with bluſhes reply'd,
The Squire was in earneſt to make you his Bride;
But ſince it is order'd by Heaven's decrees,
We grant you our Bleſſing riſe from your knees.

Then William ſpake up with a notable grace,
A fig for the Squire bring him to my Face,
For Crowns of bright Silver with him I'll let fall,
And he that holds longeſt ſhall ſurely take all.

They wonder'd how he did ſuch Riches obtain,
Yet ſtill they believ'd it was true in the main;
Becauſe they appear'd ſo glorious and gay,
With Muſic and Dancing they finiſh'd the Day.

FINIS.